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Farewell Lines Addressed to the Students of Notre Dame.

BY MONSIGNOR CANON JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

Nov., 1906.

THE boy—'tis said—is “father to the man.”
'Tis so; and in each unformed lad, we can
Discern the promise of his future day,
When eyes grow bleared, and hair is turning grey

Prepare then, O! thou quickly growing youth;
And train thy soul to discipline and truth,
And learn betimes, that each eventful day
Thou dost the seeds of shame or glory lay.
Be upright, pure, and leal to Church and State,
And practise virtue now, lest when too late,
Remorse for years misspent should wring thy soul,
And flood thy heart with grief beyond control.

Be sober, self-contained, and ever strive
To keep the flame of piety alive.
To God, to country, and to friends most dear.
Conduct thyself with loyalty; and fear
To sow the seeds of vice in thoughtless youth,
Which, springing up in later years, forsooth,
Will choke thy better self, and dim thy fame,
And set, perchance, a blight upon thy name.

The seasons pass; and boyhood's morning ray
Gives place at last to man's maturer day.
Then, habits formed in youth will still hold sway,
And virtues, sturdy grown, will guide the way.
The discipline and training of the past
Will yet retain their wonted hold, and last
Till boyhood seems, at best, a distant dream
And college days but memory's fading theme.

I leave you now, but not without regret,
For in my heart your images are set:
And often, when in other lands I roam,
I'll turn in thought to your collegiate home.
Its peaceful lakes, its gaily gilded dome,
And shady walks, I'll think of when at Rome,*
And bless the days sojourned at Notre Dame,
Bestower still, of culture, virtue, fame!

* Mgr. Vaughan's home is San Silvestro in Capite, Rome, Italy.

Life and Poetry.

ALBERT E. BLIN, A. B.

O life! O poetry!
 Which means life in life! cognizant of life
 Beyond this blood-beat, passionate for truth
 Beyond these senses! —*Mrs. Browning.*

YOUTH is a season of hope, gladness and song. Like the dawn of day, full of purity and harmony, it spreads over the whole creation the wealth and freshness of its poetry and enriches all objects with fragrance and beauty. Its abundant life is a mysterious bond which unites it to those who still "think upon the years of old," and rejoice in the blithesome remembrance of first juvenile impressions. No one who has had a deep sense of it can ever forget the glow of happiness that kindles the soul when it is awakened to the loveliness of the world, when, with unbounded aspirations and hopes full of immortality, it takes possession of the universe and enters into conscious contact with its Living Spirit. The Young Wanderer experienced a similar joy in presence of a sunrise among the mountains.

His spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him; they swallowed up
 His animal being; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
 Rapt into still communion which transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love.

Because artists and poets, heroes and saints have kept undiminished this quickening enthusiasm, their works and their lives shall continue to thrill and to uplift the minds and the hearts of men. Enthusiasm has confirmed their souls into everlasting youth: it is a divine panacea which restores to the prime of life old men whose youth was old age, and graces young men with venerable old age if their life is spotless.

This cheering truth was an inspiration to Joubert when he wrote: "Address yourselves to the young; they know

everything. Inebriated with the joy to be and to feel alive, they cross the sacred threshold of the world with the immense horizon of life before them: their first glance is one of wonder and rapture. Then, they believe everything possible and desire to enjoy their full portion of the universal verity and to give their own solution to the most portentous problems of existence. Have they not eternity before them?" Deep down in their bosom resounds with irresistible force the "*non omnis moriar*" of the poet. They know that, in the domain of spiritual things, whatever is true is true forever and for all men, that the divine alone is eternally true, and, consequently, that truth must ultimately triumph. A blind faith in this leads men on to victory through all the vicissitudes of time and human affairs; wherever it is found it brings forth happiness and self-reliance. For this reason the mighty voice of those who have expressed that faith has not been deadened; for this reason also the interpreters of man's cravings for more life and more excellence have been listened to with awe, reverence and love. They spoke out their most inward thoughts in the universal tongue, the language of humanity, a language of life and of poetry, which defies analysis, but is always understood by them in whose breasts there beats a heart capable to feel.

Novels and newspapers, scattered in the world by the inexhaustible press of to-day, have come to be, for the most part, a hotbed of scandal and a school of superficiality. One would readily believe that speech is worn out. We do not realize things, perhaps, because in modern life there is little room for feeling. It is forgotten that the secret of what we do lies in how much we are affected by what we know. The dearest interests of mankind are at stake and the world goes on playing with bubbles. Yet, since six thousand years that man thinks and speaks, all has not been said.

Old truths are always new when they spring from within and are endowed with life by the breath of personality. Genuine-ness of thought and emotion is the criterion of individuality; to be oneself, the test of true manhood. The ideal man is not the

brainy man, but he who knows best how to discipline his mind and his heart and develop their infinite capacities for improvement. To live is to work; they are not alive who do not work. Strength and wisdom can be got but by energy and perseverance; here is the most intimate point of contact between life, the sum of the best and highest activities of our being, and poetry, the conscious existence of the soul in a divine sphere of goodness, beauty and truth.

Spiritual forces, having their seat in the inmost recesses of the "closet never pierced save by crystal eyes," both are, at their origin, fraught with inscrutable mystery. It is with them as with the dead:

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

The eyes of the flesh can not see the things of the spirit. One must stand aloof from the world and its petty prejudices, as did those who lived most and left the best records of noble thoughts and noble deeds. Poets entered into silent intercourse with truth; they went confidently, although religiously, on the very verge of the precipice and looked down into the infinite abyss whose bottom is God himself. They told their fellowmen in all sincerity and devotion the marvels which they had discovered and the beauties which they had seen, and, at times, unsatisfied by the union of the divine with the human, they pined for the contemplation of the divine alone. It is, then, only with revering dread that we should try to catch through them "a little flash, a mystic hint" of the giddy heights and snowy peaks which they have ascended, unmindful of the uncircumcised Philistine who regarded them as dreamers and as fools.

The barren application of formulas could not bring out the full value of their immortal achievements. These must be searched into in the light of vital principles. In the last century, while agnosticism was darkening and depressing human reason by the confusion of scientific doubt, while the philosophy of humanity was being metamorphosed into the religion of humanity, with man for its god and August Comte for its priest, there dawned upon the world a new philosophy, which, we have been told, is to have its noon tide in the

twentieth century; a philosophy essentially Christian in its tenets and through whose doctrine its adherents are anxious to solve all modern problems. Life, an evermore perfect human life, is the axis around which upon the basis of Catholicism, the whole system revolves. Wherever the best possible mental training and spiritual culture are aimed at, the question to be answered is this: What is life? What is its meaning and its worth, and how can it be directed to its highest perfection? There is another life more profound and more Catholic than that which consists in the mere discharge of organic bodily functions. To the marvelous discoveries made in the field of natural biology must be added those made in the field of spiritual biology. These two sciences of life corroborate each other. The critical mind of the age, so prone to suppress whatever is beyond its range of vision, has not succeeded in stifling in the hearts of men all generous aspirations. One spark of life is sufficient to transform them into an incandescent fire. We draw nigh to the springtide of the human race, when mankind will be conscious of itself. The pessimist may call this possible fact an insignificant boast of a still youthful century; but those who think are aware that on both continents a new spirit is abroad, breathing in the hearts of many an adamantine will and a divine ambition to throw into the destinies of the world, through the intelligent alliance of knowledge and wisdom, of science and faith, their full measure of justice and goodness.

No object of thought or action when influenced by the drift of that spirit can be deemed unimportant. It is assumed at the outset that science and religion cannot be contradictory since they have God for common origin and end, and that through the combined control of both the human mind and the human heart, life tends to perfection, the greater as the union of both is stronger and more integral. Poetry, the educator of the heart, is no antagonist to science, the educator of the mind. The one and the other are aspects and manifestations of the same life and of the same tendencies of life. Here, however, we are only concerned with the science of the heart, and as far as it

consists in the inward music of thought and feeling. This science, we think, is the more attractive as the mutual relations existing between life and poetry, which are its essential elements, can not be dealt with so much according to formal canons of criticism as according to the fundamental doctrine of the philosophy of life.

"There is no death," poets have said. They were right, for the soul never dies. For him who lives well, every thought of death is a thought of life. Life is not the sheer biological force which ceases to act at a given moment; it is above all the mysterious activity which underlies, penetrates and vivifies all forms of human existence and which is itself underlied, penetrated and vivified by a still more mysterious activity: the internal action of the Godhead. No man can come in touch with this spiritual power without quivering to the vibration of the supernatural thoughts and emotions of which it is the mainspring. This animating power of an immortal soul, this intelligent activity of a being within his being, makes man inconceivably great, and constitutes the whole human race into a grand universal brotherhood.

(To be continued.)

The Violet.

A MODEST little violet, through misfortune had to dwell
Upon the crumbled curbing of an old forsaken well,
And though its gaze was bent into the dismal depth
below,
It saw reflected, even in that slimy water's glow,
 The sun and sky of daytime,
 The moon and stars of nighttime.

A yellow loathsome toadstool grew beside a log that lay
Across this well, where it by chance had fallen to decay,
And looking in this same old well the toadstool could not see
The moon and stars, the sun and sky; there only seemed to be
 The serpents there in daytime,
 The darkness there in nighttime.

The violet grew in sweetness till a passerby one day removed it from the curbing to a garden far away. The toadstool was so ugly, so offensive to the eye, that it was trampled under foot by this same passerby.

The violet still is living,
 And still its fragrance giving. V. A. P.

The Great Bank Mystery.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

It was nearing midnight when some strange consciousness roused Mrs. John Jones from her dreams. As she opened her eyes, pat upon the moment, as if he had been but awaiting the proper cue, her spouse raised up square in the bed and stared ahead of him with eyes that saw nothing, while with a hollow voice he told the secret of his soul—"five thousand dollars short!—five thousand dollars short!" he repeated with all the misery and despair of Lady Macbeth bewailing the blood spots on her hands. Poor, frightened, little Mrs. Jones! Her heart throbbed and fluttered with a horror that was all the greater for being so mysterious. But all unconscious of the terror he was causing in the bosom of the one he cherished most, Mr. Jones again gave forth the sad accents, "five thousand dollars short! Then nothing remains for me but the grave." Heaving a great sigh he resumed his broken slumbers and soon snored as regularly and as peacefully as though no laden conscience nor troubled spirit possessed him.

It is scarcely necessary to state that in the Jones' four-roomed mansion there was one troubled heart that knew no rest that night. With the first grey streaks of morning Mrs. Jones arose and dressed. She paused every few moments in the process of dressing to press her hands to her head and murmur, "Dear! dear! will sorrows never cease," or, "I wonder, O I wonder, what new misfortune has fallen upon us," in a manner so sad it would have moved a man of brass to tears, but it didn't even disturb Jones' snores. Finally, when she was dressed she sought the camphor bottle in the cupboard and for the next hour, sitting before the fire, she bathed her forehead in camphor, rocked and moaned by turns. This treatment was evidently effective, for by the time her husband turned out for his breakfast some two hours later she had filled her forehead with wrinkles, made her eyes immoderately red, and had given herself the general appearance of a cold, foggy morning in November.

Mr. Jones' sleep had evidently been peaceful and happy, for he was inclined, in his clumsy fashion, to be playful and even merry. He fired off a double-morning salute on both cheeks of his consort, but got only a misty, tear-suffused silence in return. This caused his quicksilver spirits to drop somewhat, but when he saw what was prepared for his breakfast the thermometer went to zero.

"How's this, Betsy, I thought breakfast was ready?"

"And so breakfast is ready, Mr. Jones; don't you see it?"

"Well, do you estimate that bread and butter and water and cold potatoes is a substantial breakfast for a street-car conductor and a member of the Union?" hurled Mr. Jones in his disappointment.

His wife's reply was measured and slow, revealing no unseemly anger, but only a long-suffering patience that suggested faintly the expiation of another's sin.

"Poor folks can't be choicy, John. They've got to take just what they can afford, if it's only cold potatoes." Her conscience told her that she was doing right and commended in glowing terms the way she was standing by the resolutions taken in her seance with her feelings and the camphor-bottle. This much at least had been made plain to her then they were poor; financial ruin which every day descends on the heads of some poor, unfortunate beings, had at length fallen heavily upon them. "Five thousand dollars short"—in what way the Lord only knew, she was sure she didn't—given, for all she could tell, to the naked heathens, forgetful of charity at home, or lost perhaps in some western mining bubble. Well, at any rate, she'd show the world that she meant what she said when she promised to be John Jones' 'helpmate,'—that she could be faithful in 'worse' as well as in 'better.' She was willing to tread the thorny path of poverty and humility, and live on bread and butter and cold potatoes if need be till they could again hold up their heads in the face of all the world. Thus had she meditated and reasoned when the chilling, grey light of morning came in beneath the edges of the window-blinds, and thus, Spartan-like, did she hold to her resolu-

tions. Her husband, however, had missed the cold, grey light that inspires heroic courage and is so favorable for making noble resolutions; he had arisen only when the sun was two hours high and the earth was filled with warmth and gladness, consequently, cold potatoes didn't look good to him.

"Well, I guess we ain't so poor, Betsy, but what we can have three good meals a day and something extra nice for Sunday. Why, what's become of all the cabbage in the cellar and the pork I bought for winter, and the cake and ham that was left over from supper last night?" He might have gone on detailing more eatables delectable to the palate of a street-car conductor and a member of the Union, but his glance fell upon the cold potatoes and the water-pitcher and he collapsed.

"Yes, I know," replied his wife weakly. She was afraid she was going to give in after all, and was even thinking of making him a cup of coffee when a sudden happy thought saved her.

"But I think, if we try, we can sell them without much trouble," she said eagerly.

"Sell them! What on earth—"

It was more than an ordinary brain could comprehend. Even thinking in that direction was dangerous. With desperate energy he started into those potatoes, choked down a few of them, and got up in a hurry to go to work. He grabbed up his coat and hat from their hooks and his dinner-pail from the table and went out the door neglecting to kiss his wife good-bye for the first time since their marriage. In fact, he wasn't sure he had the right to kiss her good-bye; he wasn't sure of anything; a new standard of thought and judgment seemed to have come into vogue over night which left him hopelessly stranded as far as right and wrong were concerned.

Outside the door a sudden, horrifying thought caused him to pause abruptly; he opened his dinner-pail and glanced hurriedly inside; a look of disgust overspread his face as if his worst fears were realized. He turned the pail upside-down and out rolled two thin slices of bread and a big saucer of cold potatoes. "Yah! Towser!" he called, to a brown-and-white cur that came run-

ning around the corner of the house. Now Towser was poor, and he knew it; moreover, if the cold, grey dawn hadn't inspired him with heroic courage it had given him a very palpable feeling of hunger. Jones tossed his lunch-pail on the porch to be picked up on his return in the evening, then went on his way to work with a wrinkled forehead instead of his customary whistle.

Mr. Jones was gone for all day, so Mrs. Jones had an unwonted luxury—a whole day to be comfortably miserable. The house was brushed and the breakfast dishes washed, and all the time Mrs. Jones wept. About ten o'clock she looked out the window and saw her bosom friend and confidante, Mrs. Smith, coming across the street. She welcomed her as one sent of Heaven to help her to bear the heavy cross. Into Mrs. Smith's willing ears she poured her tale of woe. Mrs. Smith was a sympathetic listener; nothing gave her more real comfort and delight, she used to say, than to find some poor, broken heart with a tale of sorrow to unburden; perhaps she would not have stretched veracity if she had added that when sorrow was not to be had scandal would do quite as well. At any rate, Mrs. Jones found in Mrs. Smith a most sympathetic listener; she sighed when Mrs. Jones sighed and wept when she wept. Though their tears fell in unison neither could arrive at any satisfactory and harmonious conclusion as to what became of the five thousand whose shortness Mr. Jones bemoaned in his slumbers. Mrs. Jones had finally decided that her husband had lost it in Wall Street, where hundreds of fortunes, according to the papers, were lost every day; though in what part of the city that particular disreputable thoroughfare was located was beyond her to say. Mrs. Smith held firmly to the opinion that Mr. Jones must have lost the money gambling, despite the objection of her neighbor that Mr. Jones was no hand at all for cards and always preferred smoking of an evening to playing. However, Mrs. Smith was warm in her praise of Mrs. Jones' plan to make up by thrift and frugality in household expenses—by pinching if necessary—the five thousand that was short, so she somewhat hastily refused her neighbor's invitation to stay for dinner.

Thus the morning passed cheerily enough,

but in the afternoon gloomy thoughts assailed Mrs. Jones. Against her will she was compelled to confess that her husband had treated her very shabbily. All this time he had gone on with no thought of confiding in her, or of looking to her, his 'helpmate,' for support and sympathy. Without doubt he was taking things very easy all day, leaving her to break her heart at home and to draw meagre comfort from a dinner of cake and onions—for such was the slender fare that her zeal permitted her. Before evening she had worked herself into a passion of indignation against her husband. And now did she remember that on several occasions in the past week she had seen him with some papers in his hands that appeared to be of more than ordinary interest to him. He had made no reference to them, and indeed seemed anxious that they should not be noticed. In a second she reached the conclusion that those papers held the key to the mystery, and she resolved to possess them.

Promptly at a quarter past six the "street-car conductor and member of the Union" put in his appearance. Small wonder that he had a weary half-famished look, for he had been made the victim of a restaurant dinner. With a short word of greeting to his wife he hung up his coat, and walked over to the sink. A minute later he raised his head all dripping with water and soapsuds from the basin, and saw with astonishment his wife go through the pockets of his coat and pull out a yellow-backed pamphlet. Surprise, soapsuds and indignation strangely distorted his countenance as he demanded:

"Betsy, what are you doing with my coat? Them's my private papers!"

But Betsy heard not; she was standing in the middle of the floor rigid and with eyes wide open as if fascinated; she had opened the yellow pamphlet in the middle, and her gaze had been drawn as by a magnet to a line in the centre of the page.

"Five thousand dollars short! Then all that remains for me is the grave."

For a moment she stood thus, then throwing her apron over her head she sank into a chair sobbing hysterically.

"John, Jones, I wouldn't 'a thought it of you. How could you be so cruel and mistrustful!"

"Cruel?—mistrustful?—Why, Betsy—"

"Yes, cruel and mistrustful. Don't you call it cruel and mistrustful to go and lose five thousand dollars and never say a word about it!"

"Lose five thousand dollars! Why what do you mean? Five thousand dollars and me getting seven dollars and fifty cents a week? Why, I never saw five thousand dollars in my whole life."

There was doubtless something in this argument, but not enough to convince Mrs. Jones.

"But I heard you say so last night in your sleep," she protested, "and here it is again in this paper."

"Why, that is—" said Jones blushing violently—"that is—"

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a—a play. You see we started up a dramatic club at the Union meeting the other night and we are going to play the Great Bank Mystery. I'm supposed to be the bank president that failed. I wanted to surprise you with it, but now—"

Yes, that was the long and the short of it. When will the tribe of second-class weavers, tinkers and bellows menders get rid of the idea that they can be first-class actors! Nick Bottom was the progenitor of a goodly family—one second only to that of Abraham.

Light dawned on Mrs. Jones. Pride in her husband's unsuspected talents overcame her grief and crushed her melancholy feelings to the background; she threw her arms around him and kissed him heartily ignoring the soapsuds.

"And you're really and truly not short the five thousand dollars after all?" she said scarcely able to believe their good fortune.

Mr. Jones reached in his trousers' pocket and pulled out a dull, ordinary half-dollar.

"I'm just this much ahead till next pay night," he said; "and I want you to take this, Betsy, and run down to the shop and buy a full-blooded beefsteak for supper, and let's have no more poverty nor cold potatoes."

Varsity Verse.

THE GOLDENROD.

WHEN bright warm days of summer all have fled
And yellow is the erstwhile verdant sod,
Alone in bloom remains the goldenrod,
The last alive when all things else are dead.
The joyous birds of spring are vanished
To southern climes, the path where summer trod
Is brown and sere, while this fair gift of God
Alone is left, alone when all is sped.

In fields and woods its golden bloom is seen
Where leaves lie thick, where grew the wild red rose;
The sun has passed its noon, 'tis setting fast
On sad, sad scenes where happy life has been:
The dews of spring are gone, the cold wind blows
And of all flowers the goldenrod is last.

O. A. S.

PHILOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

Of vain suggestions being weary,
The Joneses found it necessary
To name somehow the little fairy;
They called her, therefore, simply "Mary."

But when the fairy numbered, say,
Sixteen years, and got quite gay,
Among her playmates, then one day,
I don't know when, they called her "May."

Now can there be another way
To mould this name anew, you say?
As soon as Mary went away
To boarding school she spelled it "Mae."

When in due time Miss Mary came
Back to her home, her maiden name
Remained no longer just the same
She changed again,—this time to "Mame."

She married a man who practised law,
And strangest of all you ever saw
Her children and their fond papa
Agreed to call her simply "ma."

F. D.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

One day a young fellow, McLean,
Took sick and soon died of gangrene.
"Ain't that fine," Pat surmised.

Quoth his wife, "I'm surprised"—

"Sure," said Pat, "it's the color I mean."

W. J. D.

HOPE.

As the beacon light from the tower's height
Shines o'er the tumbling waves,
O'er many watery graves,
So hope shines afar, a bright guiding star,
Over a sea of tears,
And a world of fears.

O. A. S.

Bulls.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

A bull is defined by most dictionaries as an incongruity of ideas. It is true, indeed, that there is an incongruity of ideas in every bull, but mere incongruity is, in itself, not sufficient to constitute what we understand as a bull. I may say that Mr. Jones cut his throat with a bar of soap, or shaved himself with a hairbrush: here we have an incongruity of ideas, but, far from having a bull, we have nonsense. There must be, it seems, to constitute a bull, an apparent relation of ideas when there is really no connection at all, and the more apparent the connection and the more real the disconnection the better and more humorous the bull. In this apparent connection and real disconnection bulls seem to be the very opposite of wit, for in wit we suddenly discover a real connection of ideas where before there appeared no connection or relation at all.

The person who makes a bull knows very well his own meaning, but is altogether unconscious of the literal sense of his own words, his mind leaping to its conclusion before going through the processes of thought that lead up to it. When Goldsmith told a friend of his that whenever he wrote anything the public made a point to know nothing about it, his meaning was clear to himself and clear to his friend, but he had used words that were inadequate to convey that idea. When Carlyle says in his "Oliver Cromwell" that some omissions would also appear in the edition we understand him perfectly, but his words were inadequate, if taken literally. Perhaps Coleridge's definition of a bull is one of the best: "A mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas with a sensation but without the sense of connection."

Where the name "bull" originated is not known for certain. Some believe it to have derived its name from one Obidah Bull, an Irish lawyer residing in London in the reign of Henry VII., whose blunders of that sort were known throughout the land. Others say it comes from the Papal Bull which is so imperative in its statements

and on which the Pope signs himself "servant of servants." Neither of these sources are certain; but hearing bulls so often mentioned in connection with the Irish race the first seems the more probable of the two. Yet it may be a question whether bulls are made oftener by the Irish than by other races; whether they should be called Irish any more than French or English. It is known for certain that other races have been guilty of bulls, and if it be true that they occur among them as often as among the Irish folk the first may be no more probable than the other. Be this as it may, we know that people err in this delightful manner, and that some of the so-called bulls are really not bulls at all since they are wholly conscious and aim at an effect beyond the reach of art.

Shakespeare has given us a number of examples which may seem absurdities if we take his words literally, but the higher faculties see the aptness of such phrases and recognize no absurdity whatever. When he speaks of a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance," we see at once his meaning. But if we take him literally we have not the custom in the breach. Again when he speaks of "making assurance doubly sure," we see the force of the expression, but to the logical senses, assurance can not be made surer. But there are other people who are unconscious of their words when they present incongruous ideas, and whether or not bulls are something peculiar to the Irish, that race has furnished us with a goodly number of rich ones.

It seems to me that inborn with every Irishman along with his wit is that native humor which is altogether unconscious of itself. When Richard Steele was asked why his countrymen made so many bulls he said that it was on account of the environment in which they lived, and declared with absolute certainty that if an Englishman were born in Ireland he would make just as many. No doubt the thought he wished to convey, and did convey, was true, but his very answer was considered by some as a bull of the first order.

Another Irish bull was made in a coffee house in England where an Englishman was writing a letter while an Irishman stood

at his side pretending to read a paper. The Englishman concluded his letter in these words: "I would write more, but there is a damned tall Irishman reading, over my shoulder, every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" broke out the Irishman, before he thought what it meant. Here the lie was apparently the easiest way of asserting his innocence, but it was really the surest way of condemning himself guilty.

A number of other bulls flow spontaneously from the Irish, and should be noted for their richness and life which are very unlike the slow, blundering bulls of the English. "The person was so ill," said one man, speaking of a neighbor, "that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before." David Garrick was once condoling with a hearty Hibernian upon the recent death of his father. "And," said the Irishman, "it's what we must all come to if we live long enough."

A Dublin paper reported in 1890 that Mr. Parnell had lately taken a very serious turn and that fears of his recovery were entertained by his friends. There is a story told of two Irishmen who met on the street. "Duffy," said one "how are you?" "Pretty well," said the other, "thank you, Murphy." "Murphy!" said the latter, "that's not my name." "No more is mine Duffy," said the first, then they looked at each other, and it turned out to be neither of them. "Has your sister a son or daughter?" an Hibernian was asked. "Upon my word," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an uncle or aunt." An Irishman having feet of different sizes ordered his boots to be made accordingly. When he came to try them on, he tried the small shoe on the large foot and exclaimed: "Confound that fellow, I told him to make one larger than the other and he has made one smaller than the other.

So much for the Irish bulls that spring from the true Hibernian as rich and full of humor as the shamrock that springs from the soil is green and full of life. Let us now examine a few of the bulls made by people of other races. A German orator was delivering a speech before a very distinguished audience and as he came to the climax he waxed eloquent and exclaimed: "There is no man or child in this vast

audience who has arrived at the age of fifty years that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries." It was a Spaniard who remarked that an author should write his own index, let who would write the book. I think it must have been a Jew, though some claim it was an Englishman, who when recommending a certain cloth for a dress, told a lady that it would last forever and make a petticoat afterwards. Thus we see that other races have made bulls also, but I still believe that the nation with the most wit and humor in its climate is the best at bulls; for good bulls are as pleasing and spontaneous as good wit, and a nation that has no wit or humor to speak of will never make bulls unless it blunders on them occasionally.

When you put up a joke on a person you must prepare an Englishman beforehand if you would have him enjoy it; you must show him what you are going to do, who is going to be fooled and how he is going to be fooled, and he will laugh and enjoy it when it happens; but if something happens unexpectedly, he will not see the joke at all, and when told about it all the flavor is lost. Not so with the German, for though he may be absolutely unaffected when something sudden happens he nevertheless has not lost the joke. He goes to his laboratory, thinks it out on logical lines and reduces it to a syllogism, or has some one explain it to him, and then enjoys it as much as if he had seen it from the first. "Why doesn't he surrender?" said an American to an Irishman when speaking of a German general. "He's a German," was the reply, "and no one told him to." When the German was asked "Is your father alive yet?" and he replied, "Not yet," it took him a week to find out what caused the laugh. From these few examples we see that the English and Germans are not naturally witty, and therefore have not the facility for jokes and bulls that the Irish have, and I would say that bulls are Irish after all. I will conclude these few spasms with a bull taken from the English edition of the Bible whose glory belongs to the translator, who must have had Celtic blood in his veins. In Isaiah, 37 chapter, 36 verse: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning behold they were all dead corpses."

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, November 17, 1906.

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To-day our football season closes. It was comparatively a very successful one. To the men who left school last June, bearing in mind the material that would support the Blue and Gold this Football Year, it was a tremendous success. We went down in defeat to Indiana and we acknowledge her as victor. For the champions of Indiana we have much respect. They won fair and square, and we have no argument, only recognition of their worth. Indiana, we salute you! To the men who so boosted Notre Dame stock and put us on a par in the athletic world we express our gratitude and appreciation. Coach Barry worked wonders, and his worth was shown, not only in the results but in the love in which he is held by his men. Probably no coach who ever handled Notre Dame men, not even barring the much-beloved Salmon, went through a season and came out with not a word said about him from any man. Give us Barry another year and we'll sweep the State.

To Captain Bracken we owe much; he is not only a star football player but a wonder. His versatility as a gridiron man was all that saved the Varsity, and when times looked bad, and a quarter-back badly needed, this same Captain Bob came to

the rescue. His spectacular work in the Indiana game captivated all Indiana. To the Varsity in general there is nothing to be said but words of praise and esteem. Notre Dame is proud of them, and they have won back for us the prestige that is ours. Let us keep it now, and as the season closes let us gather around these warriors and give them a hearty U. N. D.

The De Kovens.

The De Koven Quartette Company entertained the student body Wednesday afternoon, this being their first appearance on the University stage. Words of praise for them are unnecessary; they did their best. "Dixie" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" were two of the best selections rendered; the rest, well, were passable. The reader, Miss Estella Van Horne, who accompanied the De Kovens, made an effort at entertaining, but her selections, except for one or two, were very ordinary, and she failed to score the success she seemed to coax. As a second-class company they are deserving of recognition, and we hope the future has something in store for them.

The Ernest Gamble Concert Company.

Last Saturday afternoon the Ernest Gamble Concert Company again entertained us in their own agreeable way. Though this is but the second time Mr. Gamble has come to Notre Dame we regard him and his company more in the light of pleasant, talented friends than paid entertainers.

It would be difficult to speak too highly in praise of their entertainment or of their appearance and bearing on the stage. Every selection presented was a strong one, and well merited the enthusiastic applause it received. The encores were frequent and the responses evidenced a repertoire ample and varied. The only fault to be found in the afternoon's entertainment was Mr. Gamble's over-zeal to make himself understood in attempting to familiarize his listeners with very current expressions borrowed from the French.

Athletic Notes.

INDIANA, 12; NOTRE DAME, 0.

Football in Indiana practically ended last Saturday when Indiana University defeated Notre Dame in the final game for the State Championship, by the score of 12 to 0.

The score probably came as near estimating the strength of the team as a score could. Indiana was aware they were the better team and deserved to win. One thing remarkable about the contest is that Indiana won by the old style football. At the new game the Varsity men were easily their masters, but at old-time straight football Indiana was the better. Their end runs, quarter-kicks, fake plays, trick plays and all of the 1906 rules were lost in weak attempt. Our ends were impassable, and Indiana's trick plays failed every time they were attempted.

Coach Barry came in for more credit than any coach Notre Dame has had in years. On the new rules he has his team drilled to perfection, as proven in both the big games—Indiana and Purdue. Too much credit can not be given him for the showing the team has made, for the team this year has been head and shoulders over the teams for the past two years, and it is a noteworthy fact that at the beginning of the season Coach Barry had but four or five old men, and his team has been made up of material which was comparatively green. To him goes all the credit for the rise in Notre Dame's football stock, and to him let every man interested in Notre Dame's athletics take off his hat.

For the team, almost as much can be said. They did their best, and no man can do more. They worked hard and faithfully, and lost to a better team which is by no means a disgrace. "Pat" Beacom and "Jerry" Sheehan played their last game for Notre Dame Saturday, and when the season of 1907 opens these two men will be missing and their places will be hard to fill; for Notre Dame has never had two men who have worked harder or more faithfully for their *Alma Mater* than the same Pat Beacom and Jerry Sheehan. They made the team four years ago together, and will finish their career side by side on

Saturday when the Varsity meets Beloit in the last game of the season, and to them let every man give a U. N. D.

The complete account of Saturday's game is herein published as it was taken from the *Indianapolis Star*:

At 2:35, amid the inevitable hush that always precedes the opening of actual hostilities, Captain Hare, after a brief and final survey of his padded warriors, sent the ball sailing toward the Notre Dame goal. It traveled thirty-five yards and fell into the outstretched arms of Bracken, who hustled back five yards before hitting the ground. Bracken and Callicrate immediately tried to squeeze through the Indiana line, but the play was rough and the Catholics could not gain. The third play was a weird attempt at a triple pass, which failed utterly. Then big Munson fell back of the line and punted to Hare.

Indiana suffered a penalty of five yards the first dash out of the box, some one being caught holding in the line or doing something else that Hoyle forbids. Hare at once began his kicking tactics and booted the leather to Bracken. This man Bracken, by the way, seemed to be on the spot whenever Indiana kicked. Callicrate worked the end for a pretty ten-yard gain and Miller went six more, accompanied by a tumult of noise from the west bleachers. Big Diener hit the Indiana line for three yards and the Red and White defense, vaunted to be of such strength, actually looked easy.

The Indiana line stiffened, however, and Notre Dame was forced to kick. Mendenhall broke through and blocked the punt, the Indiana man falling on the ball. Heze Clark then took his first try at the Notre Dame line, but the best he could do was two yards. Steele punctured the Catholic defense for four yards and Hare tried the first of a dismal series of quarter-back kicks. Indiana gained the ball on the kick, but the distance to go was so great that Hare attempted a field goal. The ball went wide of the bars, it being the first of five such failures registered by the doughty Indiana captain.

CALLICRATE GETS AWAY.

Callicrate received the ball, and shaking off the Indiana tackles, meandered back

fifteen yards before being stopped. Bracken next took the ball, but was penalized for hurdling. Munson was called on for a punt and sent the ball far over Hare's head, the Indiana players not realizing the magic of Munson's boot. The ball was called back, however, for holding the line.

Beacom, with his 215 pounds of fierce-looking beef, thought to see what he could do in the way of advancing the ball, but was stopped in his tracks. Bracken made three yards and Munson again kicked to Hare, who romped back fifteen yards. Tighe tore off three yards and Hare again tried for a quarter-back kick but failed again.

Hare then made six yards around right end but Indiana was penalized. Tighe tried a short, rolling kick, and the Notre Dame player who got the ball was felled in his tracks. Notre Dame essayed immediately to punt, but Wade broke through and blocked the kick, falling on the ball. After two small gains Hare tried another field-goal but the goal-posts were too near together.

Notre Dame brought the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line, and Munson lifted it down the field, Tighe taking it and making a near return of ten yards. McGaughey then began a good afternoon's work by scouting the right end of Notre Dame's line for twenty yards. Clark failed in the attempt to negotiate the Notre Dame line, but Indiana was given five yards on a penalty. Hare and McGaughey then made short gains and Hare next tried a forward pass, but threw the ball too high to Steele, and Notre Dame captured the coveted oval.

MUNSON WASTES NO TIME.

Munson kicked on the second down after he had found the Indiana line a little too strong. Hare received the kick and two attempts at a double pass brought utter failure and the little captain was forced to kick to Callicrate. Callicrate was too fast for the Indiana tacklers and made a big gain before being downed. Notre Dame next tried the double pass, but found it no more successful than Indiana.

Notre Dame was penalized ten yards, which distance she tried to recover by a

forward pass, which Hare intercepted. Hare fumbled the ball, however, and the up-state players fell on it for a twenty-yard gain for the Catholics. After a four-yard gain Notre Dame tried to push Diener through the centre, but big Waugh would not budge an inch. Wade broke through the line and spoiled the next play of the Catholics, and then Notre Dame kicked over the line, Tighe recovering the ball.

The leather was brought out to the twenty-five yard line and kicked to Bracken. Time was taken out for Munson at this stage of the game, the big player being rendered *hors de combat* in a fierce tackle. A double pass netted Notre Dame six yards, but a second attempt at this play allowed the ball to fall into Tighe's hands.

Indiana's first play netted but two yards, and Captain Hare brought his good right leg into play again and sent the ball down the field to Bracken. Not to be outdone by the wonderful Bloomington kicker, Munson punted back to McGaughey, who fumbled but recovered the ball. On the first play Hare kicked again. Sheehan then rested for a few minutes while his comrades patched up a puncture. Bracken was thrown for a loss and Notre Dame punted out of bounds at the forty-yard line.

Indiana tried the forward pass again, but the ball touched the ground before reaching the Indiana player and reverted to Notre Dame. Notre Dame punted and Hare received the oval and immediately sent it spinning down the field to Bracken who again eluded the Indiana tacklers and raced back for ten yards. Callicrate took three more on his next play and Munson kicked. Without wasting any time Hare punted back to Bracken who fumbled.

Notre Dame luckily fell on the ball. Notre Dame hit the centre for four yards, but a fumble on the next play gave the ball to Tighe. Hare tried a fake trick, and again tried a quarter-back run, but his interference formed badly and all he got for his trouble was a run to the side of the field without gain. Hare next kicked to Bracken who dodged back ten yards. In the tackle Bracken was injured and time was taken out.

Munson next kicked to McGaughey and Hare tried a quarter-back run. Again

Notre Dame got through on him before he could get under headway. On the next down Hare kicked. The ball at this time was on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line. Bracken signalled for a punt and the ball went sailing over Munson's head, and by the time Munson had captured the elusive oval he was downed on the one-yard line. Notre Dame lined up and Munson was just in the act of kicking from behind his goal-line when time was called.

INDIANA TAKES BRACE.—SECOND HALF.

Indiana's playing had been very disappointing in the first half, little team work being in evidence, and the trick plays failing of accomplishment. Notre Dame, on the other hand, had played an unexpectedly swift game, and through the magnificent work of Bracken and Callicrate had more than held her own. The best that it looked from an Indiana standpoint at the end of this half was an even thing, although the Red and White supporters were hopeful that their team would strike its gait in the final session. In this hope they were not to be disappointed. Hare's plan of battle in the second half, as it was soon made evident, was to wear out the heavy Catholics by punting at every opportunity, hoping to gain in the exchange of punts and expecting, no doubt, that a fumble of one of his kicks would give Indiana a big advantage.

Notre Dame kicked off in the second half and Hare immediately returned the ball. He kicked very high all through this half and the whole Indiana team had oceans of time to tear down the field and camp on the trail of the men who received the ball. Not a single one of Hare's punts was returned more than five yards in this half.

Notre Dame failed to gain in two attempts after the first of Hare's kicks in the second half. Munson punted and Hare wormed his way back to fifteen yards. Hare next kicked to Bracken, but he was chopped down in his tracks. Dolan fumbled for Notre Dame on the first play and a red jersey player hugged the ball to his breast.

MARCH TO VICTORY.

The ball was then on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line, and Indiana, scenting victory

at last and cheered on by the magnificent burst of rooting from the eastern bleachers, began a series of brilliant rushes for the Notre Dame goal. Hare reeled off the plays with a speed that was too great for Notre Dame, and Tighe, Steele, Clark, Wade and Heckeman charged through the Blue and Gold before the Catholics were "set."

It was seen that Indiana was not to be denied—and the bedlam of noise that accompanied the march of the crimson lads toward the Notre Dame line was music to the ears, provided they were Indiana ears. The Notre Dame supporters called in vain to their men to "hold 'em," but they were asking too much. On the eighth play after the fumble Tighe cleaned up the remaining three yards for a touchdown, and immediately converted the touchdown into a goal, registering six points for Indiana. The touchdown had come after seven minutes of grueling play.

Notre Dame next kicked off and Hare resumed his old-time tactics, kicking on the first down. Notre Dame then made a few short gains, registering her second first down, but the pace was too hard to hold. Diener was hurt in being slammed through the line and time was taken out. Bracken fumbled but kept the ball for his side. With three yards to gain Notre Dame failed and Munson had to punt to McGaughey, who plowed his way back for fifteen yards. Sheehan was the next Catholic player to require the water bucket and sponge.

INDIANA BALL ON FUMBLE.

Hare lifted the ball forty yards, but the Catholics fumbled on the first play, Clark saving the ball for Indiana. Two attempts at the line gave Indiana five yards. Hare tried for a goal from the field, but the ball was perverse and insisted on staying outside the goal posts. Notre Dame kicked out from the twenty-five-yard line, but the ball went out of bounds and Notre Dame had it all to do over again. Again the ball went out of bounds, the penalty being that Indiana got the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line. Tackle Wade chopped off five yards and in the scrimmage Callicrate of Notre Dame had his anatomy slightly disarranged. This was the fourth

injury of the half for Notre Dame, and the team suffered a two-yard penalty as a result.

Indiana tried a double pass with the old result, no gain. Hare tried another drop kick, but somehow the ball dodged the uprights and Notre Dame again punted out from the twenty-five-yard line, and Tighe, the speedy Indiana back, brought the oval back twenty yards. Indiana then began another rapid march toward what looked like a certain goal, but another fifteen-yard penalty for hurdling necessitated a kick by Hare.

Munson kicked on the first down and Hare received the ball, making a ten-yard return. Hare tried a quarter-back kick but it wouldn't work, and Notre Dame took the ball. Munson punted to McGaughey and in two downs Indiana ripped the Notre Dame line for ten yards.

Indiana supporters began another pathetic supplication for a touchdown and her players responded by putting in operation a series of rapid line attacks which Notre Dame could not stop. Tighe made six yards, Heckaman, twelve, Steele four, Wade four, Clark three. Tighe made a small gain and at last Steele, his white face and tousled mane giving him the appearance of a Roman gladiator, slightly the worse for wear, ran across the line for the second touchdown. Tighe kicked goal. Score: Indiana, 12; Notre Dame, 0.

PUNTS ON THE RUN.

Notre Dame kicked off to Hare who punted as he ran. Notre Dame tried a double pass, but could not gain. Bracken then thought to use his speed in a long run around Indiana's-left end but was tackled so fiercely that he dropped the ball. Hare kicked on the second down. Bracken was again laid out for repairs and Waldorf took Miller's place at half. Munson punted low and Hare muffed the ball after a hard run, Notre Dame falling on the ball. The loss was only temporary, however, as a forward pass was intercepted by Indiana. Tighe hit the line for eight yards, but this gain was offset by a penalty and Hare kicked. The Indiana line at this stage of the game was putting up a magnificent battle, clearly outplaying its opponents.

Dolan could not gain and Notre Dame kicked to McGaughey. McGaughey, Heckaman, Clarke, Steele, Hare and Wade took turns at carrying the ball and looked as though another touchdown was imminent, but the Catholics who knew no such word as "quit," braced with their five-yard line and won the ball on downs. Munson punted and Hare made a fair catch on the forty-yard line. McGaughey tried for a place kick and the goal posts had an awful close call. The ball was brought back, however, and Indiana was offside. McGaughey tried the operation again, but with no better success. Waldorf then kicked to Tighe.

Indiana made her only substitution at this stage of the game. "Daddy" Jones going in for Steele. Clarke made five yards and the forward pass was again brought into play, but proved as futile as ever, Notre Dame getting the ball. Munson and Hare then indulged in an exchange of punts. Bracken returning the Indiana captain's efforts fifteen yards. As the teams lined up the whistle blew ending the game.

There was joy irrepressible among the Indiana contingent; there was gloom, thick and heavy among the boys from the north end of the State. But such is football.

Indiana (12).	Position.	Notre Dame (0).
Bloom	L. E.	Bervey
Wade	L. T.	Beacom
Hill	L. G.	Eggeman
Waugh	C.	Sheehan
Mendenhall	R. G.	Munson
Heckaman	R. T.	Dolan
McGaughey	R. E.	Hutzel
Hare (Capt.)	Q.	Bracken (Capt.)
Clark	L. H.	Miller, Waldorf
Tighe	R. H.	Callicrate
Steele, Jones	F.	Diener

Touchdowns—Tighe, Steele. Goals kicked—Tighe, 2. Time of halves—thirty minutes. Referee, Hoagland of Princeton. Umpire, Kelly. Head linesman, Kilpatrick.

Notes from the Colleges.

Since Ohio State's victory over Oberlin by a touchdown, Oberlin is protesting with all the vehemence of the "under dog" that she was robbed.

We address the *Abbey Student*, St. Benedict's College particularly, and all

others generally, when we say that we appreciate *all* their efforts; but sacred traditions and other goodly reasons, refrain us from the adoption of an exchange column.

* *

"Happy" Lonergan was on the end of the "whistle" in a game between Columbia (Ore.) and Pacific.

* *

Just now while there is so much ado over the evil of athletics in colleges, some one comes out with the statement that only one-fourth of the students in American colleges can swim.

* *

Ohio State has seventy-five candidates out for places on the university debating team. Surely the three selected ought to sustain the reputation of the "wise men from the East."

* *

"Speed to be used against Catholic weight," so said the *Daily Student* of Indiana before Saturday's contest; but alas! there was no speed forthcoming, only a recourse to the old 1905 hammering tackles.

* *

From "Tom Playfair's" *Alma Mater*, St. Mary's, Kansas, we learn the astounding news that a man wearing the name of Beacom is a quitter in football.

* *

From the *Michigan Inlander* we clip this awful thought—"most people do not think their own thoughts. They simply think what they think other people think they ought to think."

* *

"Sport—incredible as it sounds—is to-day the dominating feature of the American university."—This from a German Educator.

* *

The *Daily Maroon* is surely equipped with a capable reportorial staff, for on it we find the name of Peter F. Dunne.—'07 after the Dunne, however, saves Mr. Dooley.

* *

Prof. Calvin W. Pearson, who for nineteen years has been connected with Beloit College, has retired from the service of that institution.

P. M. M.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe will again front the Law Class on Saturday evening, November the 17th; and it is especially requested that everyone be present and seated at eight o'clock sharp; the lectures are necessarily long and we should be punctual. The subject will be—Probate Law; Estates; Trusts; Chancery. It is a very important feature of the law; a feature that every lawyer, to be a success, must know, and a feature which continually recurs in all phases of law practice, not even excepting the domain of "the Corporation Counsel."

Mr. O'Keeffe this time will, aside from the subject matter proper, have the rules of the Probate Court of Cook County (Chicago), and will elucidate fully the various rules; this in itself means much. It would be well for all the class, more especially those of the senior year, to read up some authority on Probate Practice before the lecture; thus Mr. O'Keeffe's words of advice will the more readily be understood, and it is to be hoped, to use the trite saying of an old Irish schoolmaster, "stamped on the tablets of the brain." *Verba sap?*

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, whose announcement orally to the same effect some of the class already heard, has been pleased to give a further evidence of his affection for Notre Dame. Entirely aside from the Medal to the Law Class for '07 (such as he donated in '06 and as to which the conditions have already been published in the SCHOLASTIC) he has decided to give a neat gold scarf pin, set with pebble amethyst, and suitably inscribed, to whoever of the Law Class shall write the best English composition on any subject.

The composition must be in the hands of Dean Hoynes on or before May 15, 1907. It may be as long or as short as the contestant desires on any subject; name to be attached in full.

Mr. O'Keeffe's idea in giving this prize is to stimulate the class to the appreciation of being able to write English well, which is so valuable a requisite to everyone, especially "The Lawyer of the Future."

Personal.

—Henry Kemper (M. A. '06) writes interestingly from Rome, where he is pursuing his studies preparatory to entering the priesthood.

—“Runt” Cornell, the old settler, writes that “he hopes to be on for the next Commencement.” It will please his friends to know he has a fine position with Warren and Whitmore, architects, New York City.

—Brother Hugh, C. S. C., who underwent a delicate operation in Chicago several weeks ago, has returned to the University. He appears fully restored to his wonted good health, a fact which gives great satisfaction to his many friends among the students. The patrons of the Gym especially will be grateful for Brother Hugh's return.

—In a recent number of the *Graphic* of Los Angeles we read an interesting account of Mr. John Griffin Mott. Mr. Mott is an alumnus of Notre Dame of which she is justly proud, and his career is being watched with special interest. During his student days he was prominent in college dramatics, scoring a great success in his impersonation of “Richelieu.” He also took the medals in oratory and elocution. In his profession Mr. Mott holds a high place, and, to quote the *Graphic*, “in watching the development of Los Angeles you will also have to watch the progress of one of its most brilliant sons, John Griffin Mott.”

Local Items.

—Found—A gold ring. Enquire at the bath-house.

—Nearly every big school has a yell master. Why should not Notre Dame have one?

—Lost—A Parker fountain pen. Finder, please return to J. W. Thomas of Brownson Hall and receive reward.

—Willie “took a walk” to town and got 100, whereupon a wise one saw a moral: “Take a car.”

—Holy Cross Hall will be represented in the Inter-hall debates by Messrs. Mannion, Weninger and Hebert, with Mr. Matthis

as alternate. All four men did exceptionally well, and Holy Cross is expecting great things of them in the approaching contests.

—The yelling in Washington Hall just previous to concerts or lectures has been good, but why not vary the yells a little?

—As a result of the game between Indiana and Notre Dame a young gentleman is reported as having lost his Thanksgiving turkey. Never mind, J. D. J., perhaps the turkey will be a hen.

—The progress of the band under the able direction of Prof. Petersen is certainly very encouraging and gratifying. It lacks neither efficiency nor numbers, and with a little more practice we can safely say that this year's band will be the best the University has ever had. Good music is one of the most pleasant features of college life, and its charms will cling to the student's memory long after he has left the cherished walls of his *Alma Mater*.

—Last Wednesday the St. Joseph literary and Debating Society held its preliminaries for the coming debates. There were ten contestants, and the speeches showed that the members had studied the question and were familiar with all the various details. The members selected to represent St Joseph's Hall were Messrs. Woulse, Diener and Riley. The judges were Rev. Father Marr, C. S. C., Rev. Father Heiser, C. S. C., and Prof. Harrington. It is hoped that St. Joseph's Hall will show the results of its long study of the subject by defeating Brownson and Holy Cross. The honor of the Literary Society is now in the hands of the debating team, and the members are confident that St. Joseph's Hall will win the inter-hall banner.

—The regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held Thursday evening was one of the most successful since the reorganization of the society. “Resolved: That the new football rules are for the betterment of the game” was the subject of a debate which was upheld by Messrs. Washburn and Dolan on the affirmative and Messrs. Wilson and Miller on the negative. Although a decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative, both sides were very strong, and a very good interpretation of the new rules was given in an open discussion upon the same question; some good arguments were advanced. This was followed by two recitations by Mr. Barnett and Mr. Murphy, these were well rendered, and brought forth much applause. After a few well-directed remarks, and two recitations by Bro. Alphonsus, the meeting adjourned. Another member was voted in and two more applied for admission.